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received the monastic habit in Mary's Abbey in Dublin, died in this year.

1243. Malone O'Craeghan, (*Craen*) archdeacon of Tuam, upon his return across the sea (*from England probably*) died in Dublin.

1256. The archbishop of Dublin died.

1283. David and Christ's church were burned.

1305. Donogh O'Flaherty, bishop of Killala, the most pious of the Irish, died at Dunboyne, on his way to Dublin, and was solemnly interred in the House of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at Mullingar.

1356. Garrett Tyrrell was put to death by the people of the King of England, on the Green of Dublin.

1358. O'More gave the English of Dublin a signal overthrow, leaving 240 of them dead on the field of battle.

1368. David O'Toole was slain by the English of Dublin.

1369. Dermot Mac Morogh, King of Leinster, surnamed the *red handed*, was put to death by the English of Dublin, after having been for a long time before imprisoned by them.

1394. Richard, King of England, landed at Waterford, and proceeded thence to Dublin.

Camcluana O'Dugan was slain by the people of the King of England in Dublin.

1408. The English of Dublin marched under the conduct of the son of the King of England into Leinster. Flitsin (Hutson) Tuite was slain on this expedition, and was very generally lamented.

1412. Hugh, son of Henry O'Neill made his escape from Dublin, after having been ten years imprisoned there, and brought several other hostages, his fellow prisoners, along with him, viz. the son of Maguire, and the son of O'Neill (his own brother's son); this act was the cause of great disturbance in the province of Ulster.

1413. O'Byrne gave the English of Dublin a signal defeat.

1425. O'Neill, and Owen O'Neill, Neachtain O'Donnell, the son of O'Neill Boy, (i. e. of *Clannaboy*) M'Quillan, Mac Donnell, and O'Mellain, keeper of the bell of St. Patrick, came to the house of the earl, and were made prisoners by Lord *Furnival*, after the death of the Earl of Mares. These chieftains were brought by him to Dublin, and confined there.

1431. Mac Morogh Lord (*Цігеарна*) of Leinster, (i. e. Donogh, the Son of Art Cavanagh) made an incursion into the County of Dublin. The English *rose up* to make opposition, but in the first engagement Mac Morogh proved victorious, killed many and took much booty from them. The English collected a fresh body of troops, and on the evening of the same day overtook Mac Morogh's army who were carrying off immense booty. A battle ensued in which Mac Morogh was defeated, with the loss of a large body of his troops under the command of *Mac an Mhídhgh*, son of Teige, of the family of O'Brien, and under the two sons of O'Connor Kerry. O'Toole was taken prisoner.

1434. O'Neill (Owen) and O'Donnell (Niall*) mustered all the forces of Ulster and made an incursion into Meath to plunder and destroy the English there. The English of *Traigh-Bhaile* (*Dundalk*,) came to O'Neill and paid him his tribute, and bestowed on him many jewels and precious articles. O'Neill proceeded and burned *Machaire Oirgiull*, (*Co. Louth*,) and as his soldiers were setting fire to the fortresses of the English in that country, they were surprised by the King of England's Deputy who was approaching them at the head of an army, whereupon O'Neill fled and escaped without the loss of a man.

O'Donnell, his son Torlogh (heir apparent of Tirconnell), and M'Cathmhaoil (Campbell,) passed in another direction and began to commit hostilities; but to their great misfortune they were met by a numerous body of English cavalry, who surrounded them on every side. O'Donnell's army defended themselves for a long time, until Torlogh, M'Cathmhaoil (Campbell), *Mac-an-Easpuic*, *Mac Cathmhaoil*, and several others of distinction were slain. After the loss of his people O'Donnell was taken prisoner, and given up to the King of England's Deputy, the son of John Stanley, and being sent to Dublin was imprisoned there. The son of Manus Caech O'Donnell, was also taken.

1439. The King of England's Deputy arrived in Ireland, and was taken prisoner by Cahir, the son of O'Connor Faly.

* When the Surname is thus mentioned before the Christian name, or if the latter should be entirely omitted, and the Surname only expressed, in either case, the chief of his name and country is meant.

After he had remained some time in confinement, he was ransomed by the English of Dublin, who delivered up the son of Plunkett in his stead.

The plague raged virulently this year in Dublin, from the commencement of Spring to the end of May: it swept away three thousand of the inhabitants, both men and women young and old.

Of this plague died, Donagh, the son of O'Dowd, (Teige,) Connor, the son of M'Donagh, and his wife, the daughter of Teige M'Donagh, the Vicar of *Imleach Iseal*, Donagh, the son of Tomaltach O'Boland, Edmund de Burgo, the son of Mac William of Clanrickard,* who was heir apparent to the Lordship of Clanrickard.

1442. The English of Dublin and Meath made an incursion into the territory of the O'Byrnes, and committed great depredations there: but they were overtaken by the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, who gave them a signal defeat and stripped them of all their spoils. Eighty of the English were killed.

1452. Fergal Roe Oge Ma-Geoghegan, a chieftain of great fame and renown in his time, was killed by the Baron of Delvin, and by the sons of Pierce Dalton, at *Cruach-abhall*: his head was cut off and carried to Trim, and to Dublin, and exultingly exhibited at those places; it was carried back again and interred with his body at Durrow of Columbkille, (*King's County*,)

1453. The O'Neills, of Clannaboy, suffered a great overthrow at Ardglass, from the Savages, assisted by the English of Dublin, who had landed upon their territory. The following was the cause of their going thither:—A British (*Welch*) fleet had attacked and plundered the fleet of Dublin, and taken the Archbishop prisoner; the Dublin fleet pursued them as far as the North Sea, and on their return landed upon the *Ardes*, Savage's territory, and assisted him against his northern enemies. In this battle of Ardglass, Henry O'Neill was taken prisoner by the English; Cu-uidh, the son of Cathbharr Magennis, heir apparent of Iveagh; Hugh Magennis, Mac-Carton, and fourteen leaders from the *Route*, (*Co. Antrim*,) were slain. The total of the slain on the side of the Irish, amounted to 520.

1464. O'Donnell, Mac William De Burgo (Burke) and many of the nobility of Ireland, both of Irish and English extraction, along with them, repaired to Dublin to meet Thomas Earl of Desmond, the then Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and they entered into a league of peace and friendship with him.

1466. The English of Meath and Leinster made an incursion into Ophaly: O'Connor Faly (*Con*) assembled his forces and gave them battle, in which he slew, first of all, John, the son of Thomas, the best and most renowned leader amongst the English, whose loss was an omen of ill success to his people. The next day the Earl and his English were defeated, and the Earl himself taken prisoner and despoiled of his arms and accoutrements. Teige O'Connor conveyed the Earl (who was his own son-in-law,) to *Caislen Cairpre*, and there incarcerated him, together with several of his people who were taken prisoners, such as Christopher Plunkett, the Prior of the House of the Blessed Virgin at Trim, and William Oge Nugent, and many others of distinction. When the English of Dublin obtained intelligence of this, they came and rescued these prisoners in despite of their enemies.

For some time after this battle, Meath was much disturbed by the adjacent Irish Chieftains. O'Connor Faly was in the practice of sending marauding parties northwards as far as Tara, and southwards as far as Naas, to plunder Meath, and the inhabitants of Brefny and Oriel laid it waste in all directions by fire and sword. J. O'D.

* The De Burgos (or Burkes) in Connaught took the name of Mac William, and were divided into two principal branches, as *Mac Uilliam Ióctnac* and *Mac Uilliam Uaéctnac* or the nearer and further M'William, the first living in the County of Galway, and the second in the County of Mayo.

WHAT IS A MACHINE?

The articles on Machinery in our late numbers have been misapprehended by some people. "Oh," they cry, "the Dublin Penny Journal is silly putting out *feelers* on the subject—it would not offend us and beggar us by a bold and sweeping introduction of that power which will deprive us of our labour at once, but quietly introduce it inch by inch, until it is established and we are ruined!"

Now this is a mistake, and it is also no mistake. We

would like to see machinery introduced INCH BY INCH, not for the purpose of ruining, but for the purpose of improving the people. "But we don't want machinery at all," is the reply. "Look at the artisans of Manchester, of Preston, &c. They are starving in the midst of their machinery."

Answer this question—Whether has machinery destroyed or created employment? It has done evil, certainly—does that evil overbalance the good?

Many an ungrateful fellow, while smoking his *farthing* pipe, exclaims against machinery. Does he know that without a mould, a machine for copying pipes, it would cost him a *shilling*? What a comfortable thing it is to have glass in our windows! What a still more comfortable thing it is to be enabled by a mirror to survey our outward man, to have a glance at ourselves. And what an agreeable thing it is, to have a cut-glass decanter on the table! Machinery, as the term is commonly employed, is certainly not much used in the manufacture of glass: yet without the subdivision of labour which machinery introduces, without blow-pipes and wheels, without blasts and furnaces, we (the working classes at least) would not have glass in our windows, far less the tell-tale mirror and the sparkling decanter.

Machinery created a prodigious employment for all classes; but then it was introduced TOO FAST. It was seen to be a productive thing, and capital was eagerly invested in it. Yet the only reply to all argument is, "We don't want machinery here at all!"

And, pray, what is a machine?

"Every thing from the teeth out." Whatever a man uses, in addition to his hands, his fingers, and his nails, is a machine. Therefore machinery is as old, or very nearly so, as the world.

The most stupid man that ever existed is, beyond all comparison, a machine more cunningly made by the hand of his Creator, more perfect in all his parts, less liable to accidents, and less injured by wear and tear, than the most perfect machine that ever was made. Some of the simplest movements of a man's body cannot be imitated by any mechanical contrivance, however ingenious. And the adaptation of the mind to the body—the adjustment of the *mental* to the *physical*—what metaphysician will explain that?

The most savage nation that ever was, *invents* and *uses* machinery. The lance tipt with fish-bone—the two rough stones for grinding corn—the sharp instrument of shell, stone, or bone, for cutting, stabbing, and carving—all are *machines*—rough, misshapen machines—without which the rude savages who use them, would be worse than the fowls of heaven, who have instinct given them to build their nests with mechanical ingenuity.

By and bye, man finds he need not waste so much strength and time on these rude machines. He finds out how to extract iron from its natural state in the ore, and then he tempers it, and makes an iron knife instead of a bone one. Man was gifted with reasoning powers, in order to enable him to avail himself of the advantages which nature has placed at his disposal.

Windmills were early invented, and one element early taken into account, and made subservient to man's purposes. It certainly was a long time before many other, and seemingly obvious, applications of mechanical power and ingenuity were made. And yet, whatever nation is long or slow in availing itself of the application or combination of the mechanical powers, that nation is low in *moral* power—so closely connected are physical and moral combinations.

A man who has a block of wood, has a wooden bowl in the centre of it. A knife would cut it out, perhaps in two weeks or a month. A turning machine would do it far better, and more accurately in half an hour! One turn of a wheel, one stroke of a steam engine, one pinch of a pair of rollers, one blow of a die, would do more in a second than a man could do in a month!

To roast a piece of meat by holding it to the fire, is a tedious and painful operation. A common *jack* makes it simple and easy.

A knife would do very laboriously what is done very quickly by a hatchet. The labour of using a hatchet, and the material which it wastes, are saved twenty times over by the saw. Every boy of mechanical ingenuity, has tried with his knife to make a boat. With his knife it is the work of weeks—give him a chisel, and a gouge, and a vice to hold his wood, and the little boat is the work of a day.

The delicate operations of carpentry could not, by any possibility, be performed by a knife or a hatchet or a saw. But give the skilful workman planes, rabbet-planes, fillisters, be-

vils, and centre-bits, and how beautifully is that work performed, which, without them, would be rough and imperfect!

The making of an earthen bowl would be no easy matter to the man who made the first attempt. With a wheel, the potter can convert, in a few minutes, a shapeless mass of clay into a beautiful form. True, it is only *round* vessels that can be made on the wheel: those of other shapes are made in moulds of plaster—yet all who have witnessed the operations of a potter, must be astonished at the facility and ease by which a man can convert a rough and soft mass into a form *exquisite and beautiful*.

Formerly, a woman's allowance was called her *pin-money*, a proof that pins were once a tolerably dear article. Now, in order to show the low estimate we have of any thing, we say, *it is not worth a pin!* Suppose a very skilful workman had a lump of brass ready to make into pins—he beats it upon an anvil till it becomes nearly thin enough for his purpose. A very fine hammer, and a very fine touch he must have, to produce a pin of any sort—even a large corking pin!! With a machine, *five thousand* pins can be made cheaper, more perfect, and more expeditiously, than *fifty*, two hundred years ago.

There are SIX mechanical powers, the lever, the wheel and axis, the pulley, the inclined plane, the wedge, and the screw. Now the great difference between a civilized and an uncivilized nation is, that the one knows how to apply and combine these powers, and the other does not. Take, for instance, the watch. What an exquisite combination of the mechanical powers does it exhibit! Show it to a savage, and he starts back in wonder and fear when he hears the clicking of its machinery. There is a humorous stanza which tells us that

"Bryan O'Lynn had no watch to put on,
So he scooped out a turnip to make him a one,
Then he put a cricket clane under the skin,
'Whoo! they'll think it is ticking!' says Bryan O'Lynn."

Ludicrous as this is, it is not an inapt illustration of the difference between the use of machinery, and the want of it. Uncivilized nations have only the *cricket*; the watch and its machinery they know nothing about. And yet this same watch and its beautiful and nicely adapted machinery are but the result of the ingenious application of the mechanic powers, just as a fine piece of music is the result of a tasteful and skilful combination of the simple notes of the gamut.

If machinery, therefore, is not to be introduced into Ireland, it is equivalent to saying that we must still perform by brute force any operations our rude state will require; and to be consistent, and make a fair beginning, we should break up our steamboats, demolish our windmills, fling away our knives and forks, smash our crockery, burn our calicoes, and creep, like Diogenes, into our tubs, and survey from them the wilderness which our folly has created!

Irishmen, we would not advocate one single measure which would tend to the injury of any body of men. We would not urge a single theory which would be mischievous in practice. But machinery must be CAUTIOUSLY and DELIBERATELY introduced, ere the country can be raised from degradation. We wish to see the cabins of Ireland as the cottages of England—comfortable; we wish to see employment for the idle, and provision for the poor. And the object of our untiring solicitude shall be, to pour through the country the spring-tide of knowledge, to merge party strife in intellectual improvement and national good, to guide into that "region of delectation," the *reasoning faculties*, all that may enlarge and increase its boundaries and its stores, and to send a cry through the land which will tingle in the ears of all who are asleep, while mind is up, and like the eagle, preparing its plumes to stretch into the empyrean! E.

SALMON FISHING IN THE SCOTCH AND IRISH RIVERS.

PHYS.—Give us some little account of the Scotch and Irish rivers.

HAL.—I fear I shall tire you by attempting any details on this subject, for they are so many, that I ought to take a map in my hands; but I will say a few words on those in which I have had good sport. First, the Tweed:—of this, as you will understand from what I mentioned before, I fear I must now say "*fuit*." Yet still, for spring salmon fishing, it must be a good river. The last great sport I had in that river was in 1817, in the beginning of April. I caught, in two or three hours, at Merton, four or five large salmon, and as many in the evening at Kelso—one of them weighed 25lbs.